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Leaves
From Love's Garden

and
Random Rhymes



By
Edwin Barclay



A. P. C. Griffin Esqr
From Abayuni Kanya
A Souvenir of 1910

Leaves from Love's Garden

AND

Random Rhymes

BY

EDWIN BARCLAY

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A.F.C. Griffin

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TO
HER WHOM I LOVED IN CHILDHOOD,
WHOM I LOST IN YOUTH, AND
WHOM I FOUND IN MANHOOD—
THE WIFE OF ANOTHER!

E. B.

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I.

Dawn

Far in the East the Sun, whose lambent flames
Peep through the purple gauze which hides away
Things unforeseen from those already past,
Uprears his brow: The while, fair imps of light
Roll up the filmy sheet 'twixt Night and Day,
And drowsy Nature dons her dew-decked crown,
Awakening all to life and work and LOVE!

II.

The Past

The Past! the Past! O Love, recall
 Its joys, its hopes, its cheerful years;
 Its tranquil hours, its short-lived fears,
O Love, recall, recall them all!

The Past! the Past! ah, hadst thou known
 The unsoothed pain, the smarting wound
 Which this sad heart in sorrow bound
Has felt, would'st thou its joys have flown?

Ah, tell me not the Past *is* past:
 Such accents cannot quench desire;
 For Hope still lives and riseth higher
Where Memory's leaves fall thick and fast.

Ah, tell me not all hope is dead:
 That passing years have crowned our brows
 With fell despair. Recall the vows
Of love we made; let hope be fed.

Can love be dead? May passing years,
Pulsed with the throbbings of our hearts,
Drown all the hopes which faith imparts?
Must holy love be quenched in tears?

Ask thine own heart for mine beats fast
With faith, tho' still unrealized:
The joyous hopes once dearly prized
Live but to crown our live at last!

Let faith, let death, let life and time,—
The minions of eternity,—
The God of Love and destiny,
Teach thee, my heart, this faith sublime.

III.**The Entreaty**

Tonight, O love, that mourneth sore
The dark, irrevocable past,—
That past whose memories while they last,
Must dull the future evermore;

No pæan-strain shall I upraise
In triumph at thy blighted hope:
For I am mortal and but grope
Through darkness, to the brighter days.

But who may say: "I joy at this
My false-friend's grave discomfiture?"
Or, scorning pity, live secure
From hard misfortune's cruel kiss?

Today, we bask on sun-lit lawns;—
Our every pleasure we fulfill;
Tomorrow may be good or ill,—
Who knows? we are but Fortune's pawns.

Blind-folded, stern, she plays the game;
And men may laugh, or men may weep,
But in the dark recesses,—deep,
Of human passions, still the same

Heart-rending sorrows e'er abide.
So be it deemed throughout all time,
That holy sorrow is sublime,
And in its presence must we hide

All joy that upwards wells perchance
A foe who dealt some subtle blow
That wrung the heart and bent the brow,
Be crushed by an unlucky chance.

So I, who have been sorely tried,
Midst fierce experience at thy hand,
Beseeching thy forgiveness stand.
Canst thou forgive? Let love decide!

In truth the past is past: and now,
Tho pained, I'd reach a hand to clasp
Thine own within a friendlier grasp,
And seal new friendship with a vow.

New friendship! can it ever be
That love once given may be crushed?
Are not the hearts that forward rushed
To claim each its affinity

Close-bound, fore'er, in weal or woe,—
In trial or in happier state?
My heart, my soul thy pleasure wait;
Give me thy love! ah, say'st thou *No?*

IV.

Despair

Love, thou hast been unkind, severe;
Thy pride forbade thee recognise
The joys that might have been. Arise!
The hour of hate has come! Prepare!

I, too, can scorn with scorn repay;—
The cravings of my heart repress:
And my deep love with pride may dress,
(Frail armour for so stout a fray!)

But stout or frail or fierce or calm,—
What guerdon this for Love's decease?
Each day my passion doth increase,
And pride is useless as a balm.

Forsooth! 'tis but a moment's pain,—
This longing for the sympathy
I scorn. O to be free,—heart-free
From this wild dream that doth again

Haunt all my thought each passing hour!
Heart-free! have I a heart? It rests,
Pauline with thee! within thy breasts
Whose velvet couch has subtle power!

Thou stol'st my heart and now a stone
Hangs heavy where a heart-beat thrilled!
That one long kiss! its sweetness filled
My deepest soul when thou had'st done!

'Twas in that kiss my soul departed;
'Tis on that kiss, Sweet memory!—
Today my passion feeds: ah, me,
That ever I was broken-hearted!

Tears, tears, O copious tears will rise
O'erflooding all the channels of my being:
Ah, tears of blood and anguish, seeing
Which cannot thy bright sparkling eyes

Melt into sympathetic showers?
O idle hope! O wreck of love!
O too-confiding faith! Above
They smile,—the higher powers!

Smile! God! what awful sacrilege! . . .
Mock at my woe and me distressed?
That love might point a sorry jest,
Ah, can this be *their* privilege?

V.

Delusionment

This morn I watched the rising sun,
Which, swift ascending through the mist,
Tinted the sky with amethyst
And gold. He rose, and in his run

Through all the eastern heavens, was hailed
By song of lark and nightingale.
The rhythmic anthems could not fail
To waken memories which trailed

Back to the seeming distant past
When love first rose along the lines
Where careless youthfulness inclines
To manhood. Ah, what joy was cast,

(Projecting thro the coming years,)
On the bright passage-way of Life!
What hopes! what aspirations! strife
Then seemed an alien,—and tears!

And as in memory I paused
'Twixt things that were and things that are,
And gazed into the dim afar
Viewing the changes years had caused,

Since first upon Life's untried way
Elate and confident, I pressed
My youthful course with interest,
I could not but recall the day

What time, methought, athwart my way,
As, tramping in a sullen mood,
I travelled thro the scattered wood,
A shadowy form all sudden lay!

Startled from out my dreamy air
I glanced towards the east,
And there beheld,—O beauteous feast!—
A maiden tall,—divinely fair!

'Twas Pauline! and the sweetest smile
Of interest wreathed her noble brow.
I could not tell,—I did not know
How, whence or why, o'er many a mile

She came to tread with me the path
That now was rough and hard.
I felt, instinctively toward
This girl a sense of anger. Wrath

Rose deep within my breast as I,
With dark misgivings, thought a foe
Consumed with hate, and vowing woe,
Sent her my movements to espy.

But then as time wore on, and she
With tenderest care and interest
Divined my will and each behest,
I felt a foe *she* could not be.

We travelled, and my doubt gave place
To fullest confidence. Nay, more:
As noon to evening quickly wore,
Within my heart she filled a space

Exclusive. Soon my wearied feet,
Fraught with the stress of travelling,
Heavily moved. Besides a babbling
Brook that, with its music sweet,

Rushed capering through the forest glade,
We sat us down, and she with love
Watched o'er me while I faintly strove
Against overpowering sleep. The shade

Of night fell o'er us, and I slept,—
 (If slumber deeply mixed with dreams
 Of fairest flowers and laughing streams
Meandering through a world that wept

No more for human woe and sin;
 Where all is purest love and beauty,
 And the stern call of solemn duty
Wakes no remonstrances within

The human breast, may sleep be deemed.)
 How long I slept, I know not. Soon,
 Ah, soon, too soon I woke. The moon
Through leafy bower her radiance streamed

And flooded the recumbent earth
 With glory. But the night wore on:
 And in the mystic east fair morn
Rose from her fimsy couch, and Mirth

Held revel as she raised a crown
 Of golden beauty o'er the earth.
 'Twas then my spirit had its birth
To higher destiny: and down,

Deep down within the sacred well
 Of holy passion in my soul,
 I felt the unresisted roll
And surge of love. How may one tell

The high elation,—ecstasy of mind
 Soaring from out the grosser self,—
 The circumscribed sphere where pelf
Of spirit-longings undermined

Divine impulses of the mind!
 Lifted from out this introspect,
 I woke to life with vain regret,—
Regret, that in our life we find

Rank baseness and irreverence
 Usurping oft the purer will
 To do, in good report or ill,
That which is right, without pretence.

A sigh escaped me: and Pauline,
 With tenderest words dispelled my care.
 Then, freshened by the balmy air
Of morn, amidst the crystalline

Profusion of her gifts, we wended
 Our way across a dew-kissed lawn
 That sparkled in the light of morn.
Sudden, our mutual journey ended;

And she, till now my guiding star,
 Fled from my side, like as a bright,
 Fair meteor from the dome of night,
Speeds into darkness From afar

I heard the sound of mocking laughter,
 Mounting on wingéd shafts of air,
 Borne meward: and a blank despair
Seized on my soul. O woe! . . . and after

All my deep confidence and faith!
 Was this the end? was this the end?
 Ah, who has ever loved a friend
And lost him? Like a wandering wraith

With hair disheveled, garments torn,
Eyes peering with expectant gaze
Deeply into the growing haze,
And wandering, piteous and forlorn,

I sought within the gathering gloam
My Pauline. Where, O where was she?
No answer from immensity
Lulled my tried spirit to its home

Of rest. Ah, no: 'twas past,—
The dream of love, the hope of peace:
Time held no joy and life no ease:
E'en Hope had winged away at last.

VI.

Love's Lament

Spirit, that in th' ethereal deeps
Keeps ward o'er frail mortality,
O thou bright star, where'er she be,
Watch o'er her as my darling sleeps!

Thou breath of Love that downwards sweeps
Upon thy crystal wings of light,
Breathe on her as within the night,
My darling Love's sweet vigil keeps!

Ye rays of morn that paint the sea
With hues dipped up from Nature's wells,
Illumine her where'er she dwells,
And guide my darling back to me!

O wind that fills with sweet perfume
 The mountain-coronets of earth,
 That kissed the flowers at their birth,
Caress her when in sorrow's gloom.

And thou, O earth, if she be dead,
 And rests within thine ample bound,
 Let roses, springing all around,
Breathe lightly o'er her darling head!

VII.

The Power of Love

Love is not dead! she cannot die!
 The spirit of a thousand years
 (Mingled, mayhap, with sighs and tears)
Dwells in her, and she cannot die!

She took her life from heaven's breath:
 She lives her life in heaven's light;
 She grows in sunshine or in night,
And is irradiant in death!

Let spirit of mortality
 But touch her pure attirement,
 And, lo, the filthy cerement
Of carrion earth glows radiantly!

Where sorrow is, she takes her seat,
 And calms the troubled heart to rest:
 She spreads for famished souls a feast,
And builds the weary a retreat!

Love cannot die if Goodness lives,
—And Goodness scorns mortality;—
Her realm is without bound and free:
Love thrives the more, the more she gives.

Love's stores are ample, and her will,
Unchanging as the Will divine;
And all her efforts unconfined,
Persist in happy state or ill.

Then welcome Love, all ye who pine
In sorrow and infirmity;
She dowers you with sympathy,
And makes your sufferance divine!

VIII.

The Death of Faith

Toll, toll, toll
Ye solemn bells of night!
Let your wild requiem roll
Far o'er the earth with might!

Toll, toll, toll!
Toll for the death of truth and right!
Toll for the birth of Error's night!
Toll ye the rampant joy of sin!
Toll for the good that might have been!

Toll, toll, toll!
Toll ye from brazen throats your ire,
Let the wild clangour rising higher,
Shriek loudly out life's wild despair;
For Faith and Hope lay dying where
Irreverent Lusts control the soul!

IX.**Arise, O Love**

Awake, O Love, the dream is o'er!
Awake to a redeeméd earth,—
A world whose beauty has its birth
In thy sweet influence and power!
Awake! the horrid nightmare past!
For Faith and Hope, they shall not die!
Thy prayer has reached the realms on high,
And Truth is conqueror at last!
Thou trod'st, erewhile, a realm of sin;
Thou treadest now a Paradise,—
The triumph of thy sacrifice, —
Awake, and thy new reign begin!
Arise, O love, in sleep is death!
Awake to life's extatic joy!
Up to activity! and toy
No more with dreams! . . . Above, beneath,
And all around, ascends earth's call:
"Arise, O Love, and let us live!
Awake, awake no more to grieve!
Retrieve thou man's edenic fall!"

X.**The Quest**

Saw you my love as she fled far away,
Down by your waves, O sea,
Fleeing in haste at the first smile of day,—
Hastening away from me?
Tell me, O tell from your mystical spray,
Saw you my love to-day?

But the sea growled in anger and answered me naught,
Down by its rock-bound shore;
And I took my lament and my sorrowing thought
Far from its furious roar:
But I left it my curse!—let it roar, let it roar!—
Ay, I cursed it forevermore!

Then I turned to the shrubs that encircle its verge,
—Sentinels guarding the Coast—,
And I lifted my voice o'er the din of the surge
And questioned the spray-kissed host:
“Saw ye my love as she wandered this way,
Just at the birth of the day?”

But the shrubs answered me with an irony sore:
“Ask of the clouds thy love!”
Then I cursed them too, and my agony bore
To the shade of a neighbouring grove,
Where I brooded my sorrow in that place of delight,
Awaiting the coming of night.

Soon the phalanx of Night with a steady advance
Conquered the monarch of day;
And life's revels and riots, pretentions and cants
Died with his flickering ray.
Then I rose in my anger and questioned with might:
“What of my Love, O Night!”

XI.

The Call

Out of the mist and the darkness of night,—
Out of thy sorrow and pain,—
Into the past that gleams ever so bright,—
Come to my heart, love, again!

Out from life's turmoil and wearisome strife,
 Out from its weakness and tears,—
Come to my heart where contentment is rife,—
 Drown in my love, sweet, thy fears.

Far as a bird by the fowler pursued,
 Fly on love's pinions away;
Shun life's illusions,—its blandishments rude,—
 Bask in love's pleasanter ray!

Long hast thou wandered midst scenes that were gay;
 Long thine illusions have swayed:—
Through fell experience they've all past away;—
 In purity be now arrayed!

Broken and bruised though thy spirit may be,—
 Crushed though thy hopes may have been;—
Thou art still fairer and dearer to me,—
 Dearer in spite of thy sin.

Wilt thou not come? ah, and wilt thou deny
 Love its one darling desire?
Doubtest thou still my devotion? that I
 Have torn from my spirit its ire?

Wander, then, love, ah, never so far,—
 Far from the arms that caressed;—
But here only wilt thou, like a wandering star
 In the bosom of Night, find rest!

XII.

Disillusionment

I wandered on the hills at vespertide,
 Forlorn, disconsolate and sad;
 My soul felt crushed,—and all the mad,
Foul phantoms of the past beside

Me walked. Ye wraiths of sadness, down!
Why haunt ye thus its dark abode?
My wearied mind has cast its load
Of doubt and madness: get ye down!

Eftsoon my restive spirit leaped
With wild elation at the sight
Which passed before me: and the light
Of hope burned brighter as I reaped,

Methought, the garner of a love
Long foiled by fate Alas the woe
Of disillusionment! And lo,
The wreck and ruin of all I strove

To gain O bankrupt faith! O sight
That wreathed with horror the sublime
Illusion of far-speeding time!
Can this be truth? Is this the light

Of love I sought with dull unrest?
Ah, love is doomed, and faith is dead,
Since now that I behold the head
Of Pauline pillowed on the breast

Of him who erst I deemed my friend!
O fickle woman! False, ah, false!
No more, no more my soul exalts
In thy pure love This is the end!

The end? Ah, wherefore be it said?—
Be still, O heart, thy longings crush,
For the wild notes that upwards rush
Chaunt: "woe is love, for faith is dead"!

XIII.**Repudiation**

No more, no more the happy dream
Of love we cherished, now abides!
The wreck of faith along the stream
Of hope lies shattered, and the tide's
Wide sweep across the main of Life
Echoes amidst its turgid strife
The hapless words: Good-bye!
Good-bye!

I cannot tell thee all I feel;
I dare not tell thee what I think:
No more thine humble slave I kneel!—
I stand erect: and on the brink
Atween what *was*, and what *is* now,
I cast thee from me with a vow!
O love, my love that was!
Good-bye!

I held thee truer than yon star
That keeps its vigils from afar:
And oft as I gazed on thy brow
And read your heart,—so faithless now!—
I thought that there true purity,—
And staunchest, stern sincerity
Beamed strongly, but alas! . . .
Good-bye!

I weep and gaze into the sky,
But hope is shadowed by the night:
I lift my voice and question: "why?"
But find, alas, no answering light
That beckons to some haven safe
Where I might rest this soul, a waif.
All Nature sighs: Good-bye!
Good-bye!

I hold that love a mockery,
Which, faith contemning, strives to melt
Its falseness in a mimicry
Of truth it never, never felt.
By you and yours am I bereft,
And all of hope that I have left
Now echoes in the words:
Good-bye!

I deemed that love a stronger test
Could stand, amid all earthly things,
Than dark, parental interest.
But *fact* survives, and *fancy* wings
To realms of stern reality!
What boots it that a soul might die?—
One fool the less! There let
Him lie!

O love, the *Past!* . . . had it no charm
To bind thee to thy sweetheart's arm?
The hopes, the joys, the visioned bliss,
Held they for us, ah, naught but this?
Must faith long-plighted be outraged?
And love be buried ere it aged?
Ah, must we say: Good-bye,
Good-bye!

Good-bye!—sad words!—but all that I
To-day may send thee as a gift!
Take them, and know, that far or nigh,
No balsam e'er can cure the rift.
For love is dead, and faith is doomed,—
Our happy hopes fore'er entombed:—
My only legacy to thee
The hopeless echo: "Love,
Good-bye!"

Good-bye! No more across the light
Of thy fair countenance shall I
Obtrude my hapless woe. The night
Of love has come: of death the sigh
From my crushed soul, howe'er, shall haunt
Thy slightest dreamings without daunt:
I pause, I weep: Good-bye!
Good-bye!

Some say thou wouldst not have it so:
That rather thou wouldst choose the woe
Of widowed bliss: I would 'twere true!
But how, how can I faith renew?
'Tis dead, 'tis crushed!—so let it lie
Untroubled e'er by flattery's sigh
It is enough, my love,
Good-bye!

XIV.

Night

The sun bent down and whispered to the sea:
"O, sea, make room, make room, I pray for me!"
The deep sea frowned,—burnt by the scorching light,—
Man saw the frown and called its darkness NIGHT!

Song of the Harmattan

We are coming, we are coming
From the vast Sahara plain,
With the icyness of winter,
And the biting kiss of pain!

We are coming, we are coming!
Hark! the shrieking echoes rise
Over hills, from hidden caverns,
As we race 'neath tropic skies!

We are coming, we are coming
With our scourging blasts of pain:
But the fields o'er which we revel
Soon shall blossom fair again!

We are coming!—not a terror!
Tho men reckon not our desire,
Tho they shun our wild caresses,
Tho they curse the wild "high-flyer"

We are coming but in earnest
Of the purer atmosphere
Man shall breathe when foul Miasma
Shall have yielded us his sphere!

We are coming! Greet us kindly:
We seek out the haunts of pain,
And we carry death for weakness,
From the vast Sahara plain!

But the strong man is made stronger
By our penetrating blast;
And the earth is purer, healthier
When Harmattan's host is past!

To Matilda Newport

I.

O truest type of womankind!
The echoing blasts that from the deep
And pregnant cannon's roar now find
Their solemn way adown the steep
Declivity of Time,
Shall nerve thy sons,—thy daughters thrill,
In hour of darkness and of ill!

II.

Thou, woman, art sublime!
Heroic in thy deeds: supreme through Time!
Rising above all mortal fears,
Scorning the threats of foe, the tears,
Perchance, of friends: Viewing in dreams
The bright innumerable beams
Of light, that, flashing from your band
Devoted, should o'erflood the strand
Where Niger runs his stately course,—
Thou didst thy duty; and by force
Of a determined aim thou laidest
Deep the foundation of the state,
Which, to thee unknown, thou madest!

III.

Live! long the mother of thy country's powers!
Live! bright ensample when the darkness lowers!
And, in the nearing future, when this land,
Shall rise to power supreme and to command,
Thy glorious virtues may her daughters share,
Her sons make valor their sincerest care!

The Ocean's Roar

What spirit lurks in the Ocean's roar
As it beats the bare breast
Of th' unyielding shore?
'Tis the fierce sprite of a grave unrest,—
Of the madness and th' unending strife
And clash of what man calleth LIFE!

For this did the Father who fashioned all
That moves on this terrestrial ball—
Give the loud-voiced thunder to the rolling main:
That man, hearing oft its reverberant strain,
Might sense the true tone of discord and strife—
The epitome of his inharmonious life.—
And thus does the sound of the sea's deep roar
Teach us a lesson evermore, evermore!

Afric's Lament

Break! Break! Break! on my rugged shore, O sea!
Dash in furious madness to windward and to lee!
But ne'er canst thou daunt the spirit Ethiopia breathes
within,
Whilst thou bring'st from proud Europa her vileness and
her sin!

Waft! Waft! Waft! ye winds from a northern clime,
And bear on your far-brooding pinions the lies of far-
speeding time;
But how can you hope to enfreshen this soul with your
stinging blast?
And how can ye hope to enliven, ye murderers in the past?

As long as yon star beams in glory, as long as the sun
 never sets,
As long as there's life for the living and death for him
 who forgets,
So long shall I stand before you, bare-bosomed and most
 defiled,—
A phantom that e'er shall haunt you, O Europe's fairest
 child!

What more can I, giving, grant you? and what have I
 e'er withheld?
Or in these days of darkness or the palmy days of eld?
The offspring of this bosom thou knowest how were torn,
How from my dark brow were stolen the gems that thou
 hast worn!

Thy boasted wealth and power, thy foul ill-gotten gains,
The heritage of bloodshed, of wickedness and chains,
How come they? ah thou knowest! thou knowest all thy
 sin!

How life is naught but horror where'er thine armies win!

Tho' torn and sore and bleeding, I still remain thy prey;
Think not there breaks no morrow,—no fairer, calmer day:
Think not the sleepless heavens no retribution give,
Nor that the God who sleeps not, cares not for those who
 grieve!

Sing well the white man's burden! ay, sing his pleasures
 too!

The pleasures are his portion, the burdens — others rue!
Yea, others pour their life-blood to quench his sordid greed,
While he lives on unconscious,—unmindful of their need.

Break! Break! Break on my heart, O sea, thy wave!
Bear hitherward Europa, for here she finds her grave!

The Race-Soul

Say, what, O what of the great race-soul,
—The soul of the Black and free,—
The soul that throbs midst the deepest gloom
With a true immortality?

Yes, the world rolls on, and the ages pass,
And life with its thunderous tread,
Keeps pace with the rythm of the soul's deep song
As we steadily forge ahead!

While it throbs and throbs and the dominant hand
Strikes the chords of affections pure,
There's never the ghost of a base desire,
Or materialistic woe!

Move along, O world, on your sordid plane,
Grasp the wraith of your noon-night dream!
The Black man treads in a surer field
Where no traitorous beauties gleam.

And he measures arms,—but not with men
Of a "base and a low design",
Who ever rejoice in the clink of gold
And the sparkle of ruddy wine.

Yes, he measures arms, ay, but not with those
Who murder the weak and small;
But he mounts the height of a pure delight
When he pities the woes of all!

O the fulsome ring of the battle shout,
Wakes no echoes in his breast;
For the Black man hates the turbulent field,—
The broad field of a great unrest.

Give place, O man of the ashen face,
Bow low to immutable laws,
For the Earth belongs to the soul that works
The will of the Great First Cause!

To Jealous Evgia

Tell me no more in the deep cup of love
Never mingle sweet nectar and poison:
Deeply we drink, and strongly we prove
How its taste brings a strange revelation.
Oft have I sipped from thy cup the sweet draught,
And as oft have I felt intermingled,
Passions that wept, and soft passions that laughed
As its streams through my frame swiftly tingled.

Love giveth life, ay, and love giveth death,
There is none that can fathom the reason;
The blue dome above and the green earth beneath
Sing the very same song every season.
Love is the link that entwineth twin souls,
It is likewise the gulf that divideth,
Bridge the abyss where Hate's dark river rolls,
But the poisonous drug still abideth.

Tell me no more that thy love has no dross
For I know, dear sweetheart, thou art jealous;
Knowledge of gain and the dull fear of loss
To the maelstrom of doubt e'er compel us.
Weary no more with a needless debate,
It can only portend to thee evil;
Thy lover is true to his former estate,
And this doubt's but a child of the devil!

To Pauline Repining

Say no more misfortune dogs thee,—
That a child of woe thou art;
Earth has more of sorrow hidden
Than has yet crossed thy young heart.

Youth and peace and love surround thee,—
Pleasures bound thy farthest ken;
Hope smiles o'er thee, joy and honour,
Midst the busy haunts of men.

If a cross is laid upon thee
Though thou plumb'st the straitest line,
'Tis a trial sent to test thee
In the crucible divine.

Heaven's hand, be sure, is shadowed
In whatever fate we bear;
And 'tis not for us to murmur,
Nor to shed the useless tear.

Breast the tide tho' strong it sweepeth;
Float tho' quicksands pull thee down;
Thus alone we reach the triumph,—
Thus alone we gain the crown.

Cease thee, then, thy vain repinings,
Seek the beams that light thy way;
Sorrow is the soul's dark midnight,—
Hope its joyous holiday!

Te Deum Queremur!

If, Lord, in thy high name, I have transgressed
The bounds to human will that Thou hast set;
If vaunting knowledge and mistaken zeal
Have warped the true perception of Thy will;
If outraged passions and presumptuous hate
Have blinded me to my true destiny,
Forgive me, Lord, forgive 'Twas but my thought
To lead this people to the lofty height
Of noble virtue and true loyalty
To Thee: 'twas thus methought to serve thy will,
And that impulse which flows from Thee to man
Has urged me to proclaim the living truth
As I, by Thine Almighty aid, perceived
It: Yet, if I have wandered far, and if
Thy will is else, forgive, O Lord, forgive!

. Great triune Lord, immortal Sire,
Our fathers' God, and of our fathers' race,
Beneath whose sceptre transient powers give place,
Behold the Vandal and his ruthless fire
Sweeping amain, an unrelenting host,
O'er Afric's plains, and desolating death,
Murder and theft, his never-ending boast,
Springing, full-armed, his devatating hoofs beneath!

How long, O Lord, shall foul hypocrisy
Robed in the vestments of a purer soul,
Crush our proud spirit 'neath the dread control
Of vain delusion and necessity?
How long shall we, like some offending child,
Be doomed to bear with uncomplaining voice
The lash, that warps our souls, and falling wild,
Strikes death where life should be? Is there, O Lord, no
choice?

Must but a few in thy high name, the scourge
 Of tyrants bear for crimes which are not theirs?
 And must we expiate the world's vile cares
 Whiles others stand aloof and chaunt our dirge?
 Our God, this may not be: Thy providence
 Is wise: thine equalising power vast:
 We ask thee but the price of innocence:
 On Thee relying, our high hopes we rest at last!

What tho the strife for power, the ruthless war
 Of Might against her lowly sister Right
 Would fain obscure the ever-gleaming light
 That, from thy throne, speedeth its way afar
 Throughout the cycles of the universe?
 What tho Crime's serried ranks would ceaseless burst
 Their bounds and brave thy everlasting curse,
 Must we, unsinching, of all fortunes bear the worst?

See, Lord, what fools religious tyrants be!
 High on thy throne Injustice they enshrine
 And insults minister to Thee and Thine:
 The seats which thine all-sapient decree
 Hath willed to peaceful Love, *they* wiser far
 Than *Thee*, have given to rancorous Hate
 And decked him with the ever-gleaming star
 That guideth us to high Heaven's bright elysian state.

Shall Mighty Reason, the handmaid of God,
 Lend her high aid to thronéd wrong? and must
 The child of simple faith become of Lust
 The uncomplaining victim? Must the sword
 Us, peaceful dwellers of the earth, impale?
 And must we trusting thy high powers,
 Forever weep within a hapless vale
 Where Death, unhindered, stalketh, and Night's mantle
 lowers?

Sporadic gleamings of Eternal God!
Ye rays that pierce through yon obscure inane,
The hope of faith and the all-powerful bane
To those who ravish truth of her reward!
Can love be crushed beneath your watchful eye,
Or foul hypocrisy unchallenged sway
The boundless realms? O from your fountain high
Flash forth the blessing of a fairer, calmer day!

Lord, in primeval shades,—Thy sacred groves,
We seek for thee and with out-reaching heart.
O Lord we cannot know thee as thou art,
But Nature shadows forth thy boundless loves.
The woods, the stones, the stars, the rippling rills
These, these all tell us in a thousand tongues
That aliens know not, that thy presence fills
All boundless space! Heed, heed, O Lord, or prayerful
songs!

O sacred relicts of unnumbered ages,
O dark mysterious link of former times,
O faith ancestral of the golden climes
Where Niger wanders! on Historia's pages,
Votive tablets, which no change of life,
Faith, destiny, development may blot,
Nor the swift-flowing current of Time's strife
May e'er erase, shall mark for us your sacred spot!

. Great triune Lord, immortal Sire,
God of our fathers and our fathers' race,
Prostrate before thy holy throne of grace,
We, suppliant, wake to thee our mournful lyre.
Grant as thou wilt, we must submit, O Lord;
But raise our lives and point us to the light
That leadeth on to Virtue's high reward —
Reach forth thy hand and lead us through th' encircling
night!

Co Lygia

On the tense chords of Life when the warm breath of Love
Wakes a soft resonance to the heart's deepest prayer,
And the quickening shafts of the Sun-God above
Melt the shadows that loom in this life's atmosphere,
Say, O radiant queen of my soul's sacred shrine,
Wakes the sister-impulse in that fond heart of thine?

Ofttimes have I stood on some clift grim and grey,
Awaiting in vain spicy zephyrs that bear
The sweet hope of a far more enjoyable day;
And as oft have been duped into thinking I hear,
In the sea's deep-toned roar whispered words that will give
Permission to hope, and desire to live.

I have chased the wild bees whose sweet droanings entice
Through long lanes that were decked with chrysanthemum
bloom,

I have wandered and prayed and in tears paid the price
Of a vain sentiment; and, alas, 'tis my doom
That my passionate longings,—my soul's deep desire
Should all die like the flames of a fuel-less fire.

Pity, pity, O Love, a sad soul's dark distress;
Shed thy smile o'er my life and enliven its stream:
For I lack now for naught save thy blissful caress:
For endearments that make life a long summer's dream,
Grant me this, grant me this, O my life, grant me this,
Give thy love and seal the rich gift with a kiss!

The Graduates

Poem of the Class of 1903, Liberia College

Lo, here we stand upon the world's vast plain;
Stretched out before us lay the pleasant fields
Of opportunity bedeck'd with scenes
Mysterious, entrancingly sublime,
Phantoms of hope, of proud Ambition, Wealth,

* This is my class Kangas.

And all the brilliant orbs that light us on
To Fame's fair eminenceO soul of man
That throbs throughout this universal frame;
O life-endowing Principle that wafts
On wings of evanescent joys, the deep
And pure desire of a youthful dream;
O one ineffable, transcendent, glorious Being
Whom man in adoration calleth God;
Guide ye our unaccustomed feet amid
The labyrinths of this conditioned life!

As, when one pensive treads the golden sands,
And dwells with steady gaze upon the broad—
The boundless blue expanse, beholding there,
Tossed on its heaving breast the few frail barks
That dare assail its chasms deep and wide:
Or as at solemn midnight from some clift
One views the scintilating fires of high
Heaven's jeweled dome silently watching o'er
The speeding earth and this conclusion grasps
That there reigns silence, and there peace sublime;
So we, now standing on the giddy verge
Of Life's mysterious world, might falsely dream
That in yon gleaming panorama spread
Enticingly before our infant gaze,
All pleasure is, all peace, all indolence!
Let not our minds dwell on this false ideal;
Let not our hopes be crushed, our fancies balked
By aureal sprites of phantom excellence;
Let not stern trial grind in awful truth
Our foundest idol into mouldering dust!

The empty glare of all man holdeth dear;
The glamour of bright pageants, and the songs
Of lusty revelers whose fulsome notes
Rouse baser passions in the human breast,
The clink of gold collected from afar—

The dream of avarice,—the hope of power
Obtained by wiles degrading to relate;
Shall these, O comrades, lure you to a doom
Unparalleled in ancient or in modern lore?
And shall you, glorying in a base design
Plunge headlong, like to yon impatient star,
Into the throes of endless nothingness?

Ah, tell me not 'tis but an empty dream,
The vain hallucination of a fevered brain:
Ample the field is, aye, and fair to see,
Yet many are the ruts wherein we plunge
And struggle—some, perhaps, to fall, others
To rise more brawny than before, fitted
To encounter and to overcome! . . . Yet, who,
Who of the crowds that anxious gloat
Upon the fortunes of this simple band
Which like bright beams, would fain illumine the
dark

And dreadful element of Ignorance,
Who, I repeat, can with prophetic gaze
Discern what fortunes Fate enstores for each?
Whether to rise alike the radiant sun
When on his mid-day ride and spread abroad
Refulgent rays to light th' encircling gloom;
Or, like the waning moon, through all the years,
To hide in silence 'neath a cloud-capped sky?
Yes youth is bold, and God's world layeth wide,
Old age is distant, Time may never cease;
Heaven rises high and holds a prospect fair
Which all may gain, and set them there as stars
Illumining the nether world of Night!
Still dream no more: tho youth indeed be bold,
It cannot reach the sky by strife alone:
Oft do they triumph who in silence bear

The contumelious thrusts of ruthless foes.
Nor do I counsel that in silence grim,
With direful sufferance, uncontending mein
We should breathe out momentless life, ensnared
In all the dreadful toils of Circumstance!
Rise, Comrades, Rise above the petty strifes
Of life! Be not vile slaves to base designs,
Nor dwarf the noble temple which the gods
Provide, to mingle with the worms of earth!

The great exertions of the intellect,
The pleasing lanes that lead to eminence,
The field of politics, the realm of arms,
Where forces moral and material
Contend for mastery, where virtues rise
But to be crushed, alas, by Vice bedecked
In robes that cheat our higher sense of Good—
These are, O friends, the avenues where each,
Where all may tread, unconcious of the fate,
The infamy, the honour which might meet
And wake us from fair, sweet, delusive dreams,
To hurl us back and with no tender hand
To the world of stern realities! Ah, yes,
How often do we not believe the world's
Rough way is but a flowery vale, where here
And there to our delighted view fair scenes
And unexpected beauties rise, that lift
The prosy mortal to the realms of bliss,
And vestures him with immortality!
And yet, how often are our sportive feet
Have scarcely ceased their raptured wanderings,
Some petty trifle inharmonious
With our surrounding world,
Breeds dreadful discord in our realm of peace,
And fades the scene like chaff before the wind!—

Heed not these trials, but surmount them like
A speeding shaft surmounts the wingéd clouds!
If we have objects high and nobly grand,
If we have aims that emulate the stars,
If our ambition, pure and undefiled
Compels us mount the skies on wings that heed
Nor adverse winds, nor fierce Tornado's blasts,
If our keen eyes would with a fixed gaze
Pierce through the blue-domed canopy on high
And grasp its veiled mysteries; if we
Still soaring on an eagle-wing would throw
Ourselves prostrate before the throne of God,
'Tis now that we should act, 'tis now address
Us to these objects with unflagging zeal,
And like the mighty ships that plough the wave,
Forge headlong through opposing seas unto
The final goal of our desires. And when
At last, our beaming star shall rise o'er earth,
And mirror all her beauties in the hearts
Of men alike the heavenly orbs diffuse
Their radiance o'er a stilly lake;
When earth shouts praises, and the vaulted skies
Re-echo oft, the oft-repeated chant,
The debt we owe, the recompense we due
To ALMA MATER that we ne'er discharged
Perchance requittance in our lives might find.
Ah, pleasant were the many years we spent
Beneath her o'ershadowing wing, when each
In friendly contest strove to mount the height
Where, in his dreams, he hoped for excellence!
Our songs, alas, shall fill her halls no more,
Her walls re-echo not for us again
Th' embittered word of heated argument:
No sweet communings of two kindred souls

Shall float again upon her mid-night air.
All this is past, ah, pass beyond recall:
Yet memory lives,—a memory cherishes more
Than all the fostered thoughts we nurture here
Within our breast: there shall it live until
Worn by the fading of our mortal frame,
That sinks with *this* into the silent grave!

To you Professors, can we speak the word
That tears us from the hearts that feel for us?
Oftimes a man's life-deeds are writ in sand,
But vile opinion's wave, speeding afar,
Wash out the good, whate'er of good there be,
And leaves the bad engraved in hardened stone.
But ye have nobly done: in sacrifice,
Gainst foes unseen and seen, in weal or woe,
In sunlight's gleam, or midnight's gloom, ye have
Fed us from living fountains where the streams
All-unrestrained flowed. Long will your sweet
Instruction and your grave advice, fore'er
Live in our memories, and like the wide
And ever-widening circle which appears
When pebbles kiss a silent stream, so shall
Your teachings and influence spread, so shall
They ever widen till at last they flow
Into the Ocean of Eternity!

May all the blessings of the gods fall o'er you;
May all the love of man encompass you;
And when at last your earthly labours end,
May you continue in a higher realm
The work for which a nation blesses you!

Farewell, O battlemented hill of stone!
Farewell, O College, which was once our home!
Farewell, Professors whom we weep to leave!
Farewell, O comrades, who are left behind

To dig and delve until you overcome!
Farewell, the joys of our most happy days!
Farewell, the happy past, Farewell, Farewell!

A Song of Faith

O God, our help through all the past,
Our shelter from the world's fierce blast,
 To thee, in supplication, now
 Thy lowly children bow:
If thou refuse thy gracious ear,
 Ah, whither shall we go?
Ah, whither shall our burdens bear
 From out this world of woe?
 Deepest woe!
If thou refuse thy gracious ear
 Ah, whither shall we bear
 Our deepest woe?
 Hear, O hear!

Our trust, O Lord, is in thy word:
Far from the past it now is heard!
 Our hope is in the promises
 Thy will establishes.
Turn not thy face from us, O Lord,
 Nor count our fears amiss;
Relying on thy gracious word
 We bring thee naught but this,
 Naught but this!
Relying on thy gracious word
 We bring thee naught but this;
 Turn not, O Lord,
 Hear, O hear!

To Pauline---A Flirt

Fickle and false, most uncertain, and vain
In all thy unwomanly vices and sins;
Luring a man but to doom him to pain,
Flirt! how I scorn now thy blandishments foul!

Deeply I loved thee! Unworthy thou art
To bear the proud title of woman or wife!
Nature's abortion! thou thing without heart!
Thou serpent-tongued monster! Thou slayer of souls!

See how she glories in "tricks of the trade"!
See how she angles for the homage of men!
See, when she walks the immodest parade
See makes of her carriage, her figure, her form!

Down with the monster,—the thing without soul
That stains the escutcheon of pure womanhood!
Out on it! down with it! Crush it! and roll
Remnant and atom to winds of the earth!

Thus do I shew thee thyself as thou art,
Pauline, thou thing that I erstwhile adored,—
A thing without conscience, a soul or a heart,
Profuse in caresses, a wanton in love!

The Lone Star: A National Song

When Freedom raised her glowing form
On Montserrado's verdant height,
She set within the dome of night,
—Midst lowering skies and thunder-storm,—
The star of Liberty!

And seizing from the waking morn,
Its burnished shield of golden flame,
She lifted it in her proud name,
And roused a nation long forlorn,
To nobler destiny!

REFRAIN

'The lone star forever,
The lone star forever!
Unfurled in the currents of heaven's pure breeze,
O long may it float o'er land and o'er seas—!
Desert it! No! Never!
Uphold it, ay, ever!
O shout for the lone-starred banner, Hurrah!

II.

Then speeding in her course, along
The broad Atlantic's golden strand,
She woke reverb'rant through the land
A nation's loud triumphant song,—
The song of Liberty!
And o'er Liberia's altar fires
She wide the lone-starred flag unfurled,—
Proclaimed to an expectant world,
The birth, for Afric's sons and sires,—
The birth of Liberty!—REF.

III.

Then, forward, sons of Freedom, March!
Defend the sacred heritage!
The nation's call from age to age
Where'er it sounds 'neath heaven's arch,—
Wherever foes assail,
Be ever ready to obey
'Gainst treason and rebellion's front,
'Gainst foul aggression. In the burnt
Of battle lay the hero's way!—
All hail, Lone Star, all hail!—REF.

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